

Poetry Series

abang eddy adriansyah
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

abang eddy adriansyah(03-24-1976)

Harvest Season

harvest season have arrived
with sunshine in wet green leaf.
son pursue daughter in causeway road,
to celebrate paddy fragrance.

greet springtime with laugh and hope.
among rain ground and leaves scatter,
the farmer's footstep was explained a story:
"story growth of paddy"

one day, we will breath in paddy fragrance.
you sit to the grass than i'll playing flute
for same time.

we'll walke with to pathway in our village
and by the day when it's still,
God was showed us
the straight way.

we'll return here someday.
And verily hereafter will be better
for thee than present.

we will acquainting when day have arrived.
when they speak concerning us,
we asked: "it isn't tales of the ancients."

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I Here

I shall here to be last time
I weep here to be our time

where dropping behind

I shall here to be our time
I stand here to be our day

where returning blod

if you aspecting
I will re-borning

if you liking
I will you're healing

I here
become a everything

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I Long The Rains

I long the rains, warm the rains.
when we wear the umbrella and shelter both.

we look into rainfall,
follow the current to river.

rainwater is go far away,
far away, far away,
far away to a part.

sometime, your handkerchief was drift
you're smile follow to drift
drift, drift,
drift to lose from view.

I long the rains, I long your smile
that drifting the day before yesterday

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Little Candle

you're love like candle
which shine in the darkness.
but as a candle,
your love was melt-
melt with so slowly.

remain, i weep by alone
cry for the one little candle
which enlighten as a friend
just for one night stand.

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Looking For Shine

a grove growing,
at the time our showing

make a lot of pieces
pieces of loving

sea calm down
the air like silent

make a lot of shining
shining to pieces

hey, boy where are thou!
say mother screaming for his child.

I look for silent, silent for a moment!
ask boy screaming for her mom.

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Memory Train

the time lingers
of the train pestles sounding in turn
as train is pounded in the night-city

only time
of train breathing at the way of the morning
happily noisy as it sounding

only time-dreams
of the train-fields that once were here
now there's no trace of it

these places where once it run
now stand crowded with black roofs
way is shrinking
and the train must now play on my dreams

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Mir

she is someone called mir
who comes when all is quiet
she is someone who always asks: how is it?

and i who am too weary to answer: i don't know.

then it is she and i
who sometimes cannot close our eyes at night

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My Soul

my soul, mir, like a rolling ocean
calm blue with fish swimming contentedly
it tastes salty and thirsty
that's the taste of it

my love, dear
is a thick jungle. terrifying green
in which many animals run happily
snared in thickets of love
in peacefulness that we long for

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Short Word In The Final Of Love

this year we apart
cause all stories have to end

take care of all valuable present
be like you look after
you're beauty eye

in love with everlasting
as long as month, as long as sun
aglowing in wet land.

please notice me
when the word become empty

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Success People

Success People use time
with optimal and conduct a matter
of not enthused by one who fail

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The Big Man Is

The big man is one who can overcome its soul room
by it self that will be squeezed objects,
cause he wants a freedom that more have meaning

The big man is one who will work for hereafter like he will die tomorrow, and
work for world like he burried forever- but not with greed for it-self

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To My Infinite

my infinite, please hold my hand
and don't release

I'm a fear to fall downwards
and never can upward again

my infinite, I taking to your directions
and I'll never go again

without you, all is darkened
silent from all lives
and all the is to a front

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To The Place Of Dignities Are Glorified

before we leave,
before the sun desist
in west direction,
put down your burdens.

estae isn't something
which weigh against you.

whilst breath is be,
whilst there's still be,
chastity isn't useless
something that.

only your soul,
spirit of your soul
as estae most good for

which bring you to his cheapness,
which bring you to his empire,
as the place you stare at
all dignities are glorified.

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What You Look And See

what do you look for
in workdlod of the world

what do you see
in cruelty of town

many town run to avoid you
many time is narrow for you

what do you look for, what do you see
in workdlod of the town

you're x'self carry
on the silent

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Who Is Near By You

when anything calm,
you're tears become holy.
you're only both,
who staring at your Sir.

you're confessing all lies
which is in your hand, your eye,
your step, your tongue and your ear.
you ask him for benediction to forgive.

than he talk: "and pardon is surely."

one step you near to him
he's thousand step near at
your step

when you walk to draw near
he run to draw near
by your soul

he who assist and take care of you
he nearer
than neck blood-vessel.

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Who Live Forever

only pray is possible,
as my single expectation.
it isn't tongue, it isn't hand
that can remind you.
word have been stiff, hand have been palsied,
to catch and punish you.

and now, remain you and me:
who waiting for justice.
when all sins reciprocated,
and evil becoming death.

truth will expressed, that moment.
there's nothing counterfeit,
there's nothing black, grey or doubt.

truth will expressed, that moment.
there's nothing fail,
there's nothing win, rich or more.

justice is only one
who live forever, that moment.

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